and Under-Secretaries of State show that they too have hearts, Sir Samuel explained to the House of Commons the circumstances of his resignation. He had acted as he thought for the best; to become Foreign Secretary had been his life-long ambition, realised only to be disappointed; if his career was broken, he had no regrets; he had tried to do his duty, and it was for posterity to judge whether his policy was sagacious or mistaken. These noble sentiments, delivered with dignity, and sometimes with palpable emotion, were sympathetically received. In the sanctity of martyrdom, he withdrew for a recuperative trip to Switzerland, not long afterwards reappearing in the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, his broken heart and career both, it seemed, mended, with no visible mark of the rupture they had suffered.

Before Mr. Eden was appointed to succeed Sir Samuel, there was some delay, during which Lord Halifax acted as Foreign Secretary. He, too, had survived a temporary setback in his fortunes; the Irwin-Gandhi Pact had damaged him as the Hoare-Laval Pact had Sir Samuel. Now, his Viceroyalty forgotten, he was being carried along from office to office, propelled more by the inevitability of his advancement than by his own ambition or conspicuous ability. English politicians, unless they are Jews, to succeed must look and speak like bookies or like clergymen. Lord Halifax was of the clergyman variety; his speeches were earnest but not very lively sermons, his manner that of a country vicar proceeding along a village street, genially

greeting each of his parishioners with a smile and a suitable remark. Thus equipped, he was bound to succeed. Reputations rose and fell, but his went on for ever. For the moment an Eden filled the firmament, but when that brilliance had subsided, his quiet glow would remain.

Many clamoured for their Eden, and when they got him, rejoiced. He was, the *New Statesman* exulted, 'Mr. Baldwin's Christmas present to the nation,' and no gift could have been more acceptable. His zeal for the League was beyond question;' he was still youthful, and vigorous and idealistic, with no roots